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COL. WILLIAM PATTERSON.

BY SAMUEL M. CLARK, KEOKUK, IOWA.



COL. WILLIAM PATTERSON, who died at his home in Keokuk, October 23d, 1889, came to Iowa in 1836. He was a notable man and took a notable part in Territorial and State affairs. He was born in Wythe County, Virginia, March 9th, 1802. Four years later, in 1806, his father moved to Adair County, Kentucky. From that time on young Patterson was of the pioneer west. He married Eleanor Johnson, April 2d, 1822. In October, 1829, he moved upon a tract of timbered land in Marion County, Missouri, and cleared a farm out of the forest. A winter's work gave him ten acres of ground ready for planting and it yielded him the following summer fifty bushels of corn to the acre. He had at that time a father, step-mother, wife and four children, who all lived in his home, and whom he provided for. All his life long he was an earnest Presbyterian and he made it a matter of his first care wherever he went that there should be Presbyterian preaching. In some autobiographical notes he prepared by request in his old age, he said of this time in his Missouri life: "We had no preaching in the neighborhood except a few Baptists.

That great preacher, Dr. David Nelson, came in 1829. I remember going to the Baptist church and the preacher in his discourse said: 'Well, brethren, I have just found out what that great beast spoken of in the Bible is. It is Dr. Nelson. And his sabbath school and temperance are his two horns.' I attended Dr. Nelson's first camp-meeting, held a few miles from Palmyra, and it was a glorious meeting. When I got on the ground there was only one cabin built. A large congregation had assembled. At the close of the service that evening some of the brethren asked Dr. Nelson to go home with them. He said, 'No, I came to a camp-meeting and intend to stay on the ground.' Some bed clothes were spread on the ground in the cabin and Dr. Nelson and I spent the night there. After we got through talking I remember the Doctor scraping up some chips and making a light; then taking out his bible and studying up his sermon for the next day. And he preached a powerful sermon and a great many confessed Jesus Christ as their only Savior. The meeting lasted several days and at the close there were, I think, sixty or seventy united with the church. This was in the fall of 1832. In 1833 I attended Dr. Nelson's camp-meeting at Capt. Bird's farm, a few miles west of Hannibal. I had sold my farm and was preparing to move to Illinois, but desired to attend the meeting. So I got my wagon loaded and with wife and children went. When we got there a few were already getting ready seats and a stand. I told them the Doctor would not speak from the stand they had made. While we were talking Dr. Nelson came up and tapping me on the shoulder said: 'Brother Patterson, go and fix me a place to preach from. I won't go on that scaffold. I want to be down among the people.' Pointing to Captain Bird's cabin he asked whose it was and when told said, 'the Lord intends to convert that man's soul.' And sure enough before the meeting ended Capt. Bird joined the church and some fifty or sixty others, including my wife and half-sister." In a large historic sense it has been said that people is happy whose

annals are uninteresting; and all his life Col. Patterson cared more for his quiet religious life and church work than for any of the other experiences that came to him in his pioneer and public career. In 1833 he moved with his family to Irish Grove, Sangamon County, Illinois. It was characteristic of him that the first thing he thought about when he got there was that there was no Presbyterian church. Pretty soon he had one there and a stated preacher. In 1836 he sold his Illinois farm and moved to West Point, Lee County, Iowa, then in the Territory of Wisconsin. In the autobiographical notes we have alluded to he said: "In 1837 the West Point church was organized by Rev. Samuel Wilson, of Monmouth, Illinois and Rev. L. G. Bell, of Iowa, with ten members, the first organized Old School Presbyterian church in the Territory of Iowa. I was elected an elder, and James Ewing our pastor. Gov. Lucas was appointed governor of the Territory of Iowa and ordered an election. I was elected to the legislature and the first meeting of that body was in 1838-9 at Burlington. I was several times elected and served in both houses nine years. I was appointed Colonel by Gov. Lucas and commanded by Gen. Brown to raise a regiment armed and equipped to protect our boundary line between Iowa and Missouri. While our legislature was in session I got a resolution passed asking the authorities of Clark County, Mo., to cease hostilities until Congress could establish the true boundary line. With three other members of the legislature I was appointed to take the resolutions and present them to the county judges at Waterloo, Clark County, Mo., who had got Gov. Bogg of Missouri to order out some 10,000 men. There were at that time 700 men under command of Col. Allen at Waterloo, and 1,500 on the march from Palmyra. After a whole day's pleading with the judges the court passed an order that they had no farther business with the militia. So the border war ended and Congress established the line in favor of Iowa." Col. Patterson moved to Keokuk from West Point at a comparatively early day. He was a member of the

State Constitutional Convention that met in Iowa City in 1857 and framed the present Constitution of the State. President Pierce made him postmaster at Keokuk unsolicited and President Buchanan reappointed him. He was several times a member of the city council and three times mayor of Keokuk. In 1864 he was one of the vice-presidents of the National Democratic Convention at Chicago. For many years as head of the packing firm of Patterson & Timberman he was one of the business kings of the Upper Mississippi Valley. He was a man of large body and brain, with little or no education save what his wise and vigorous common sense had drawn from his experience of life. He was a man of great goodness as well as wisdom, and wherever he was men recognized that he was a potential and commanding man. For years before his death the congregation of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Keokuk, probably the strongest single church society in the State, manifested towards him a filial regard and reverence, which was a beautiful witness of his goodness and wisdom. His life and character were like a granite shaft, simple, strong, imposing, enduring.

Hawkins Taylor, who knew his earlier life better than any one now living, contributes to the RECORD the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 24, 1890.

EDITOR HISTORICAL RECORD:

When a good man dies it is proper that a record of his life should be perpetuated in the records of his country as a pathway to usefulness and honor to the boys and young men growing up to take the place of their elders.

Col. Wm. Patterson, of Keokuk, who on the 23d of October, 1889, passed from this to a better world, was of the truly good men. For more than fifty years he was a citizen of Lee County, and during all that time was honored and respected by all, as an honest, worthy Christian citizen of great per-

sonal popularity, and while not ambitious to hold office he did hold many. He was a member of the House in the first two Legislatures of the Territory of Iowa, and was again a member of the House in the fourth and fifth Assemblies, and was then a member of the Council of the sixth Assembly and again a member of the House in the eighth Assembly; was a member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the present Constitution of the State. He was an alderman of the fourth ward in Keokuk for 1856-7-8 and was mayor of the city since.

Col. Patterson was a Democrat, but as lawmaker he knew no party, and while not a public speaker he always exerted great influence in all the relations of his life, whether in the legislature, convention, church matters, or in business. His whole life was that of activity in business, and his fairness, honesty and levelheadedness, always on the side of good government and good morals, gave him great respect and influence.

It was my good fortune to have known Col. Patterson for more than sixty-five years, and up to 1862 living in the same county with him and for a year or more making his home my home in Missouri. From Missouri we went to Illinois, and from Illinois to Iowa together, settling in West Point, and the first thing done was to build a log school house at West Point, large enough for preaching in on Sundays when a preacher could be had. There was no church organization then (in 1836) in the village. All denominations had the same rights in that school house.

The Presbyterians of West Point, mainly the colony from Illinois, organized a Presbyterian church, the first one organized in the Territory. Col. Patterson was an elder. The old pastor in Illinois was made pastor and given a pleasant parsonage and then was built a comfortable brick church, Col. Patterson being the active spirit and most liberal giver of the needful funds for these good works.

Col. Patterson's ancestors were of the large immigration of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians that settled in Virginia at an early

date, and that contributed so much to the early greatness of that State, and that occupied so conspicuous a place in the Revolution.

When Col. Patterson was a very small boy his father, Capt. Joseph Patterson, moved with his family to Adair County, Kentucky. Capt. Patterson brought considerable means with him. He was a very enterprising citizen and at one time was supposed to be the wealthiest man in the County. He was every body's friend and endorser, and unfortunately, like many other good men of those days, became financially embarrassed, so that when hard times came on, not being able to meet his debts, mostly surety debts, and his friends, that could otherwise have helped him, failing, the Captain still had the good sense to realize his condition, and turned over to his son William, then little more than a boy, all that he had, stipulating that one thousand dollars be paid to his unmarried daughter by his first wife when she married, (he had given the same sum to each of his five other daughters when they had married), and that he and his wife and a young daughter by his second wife (a noble worthy woman) should be cared for during their lives. There was no friend that believed that Billy, boy as he was, could pay the debts, and save anything, but Billy went at it in earnest, and he had no enemies and had the people's confidence, and kind friendship and help. He bought horses on time and drove them South and sold them, made money, and year by year he paid the old debts until they were all paid. The sister married, and she got her dower as stipulated. In the meantime the Colonel married Ellen Johnson, the daughter of his step-mother, who made him a noble helpmate, and from whom he was separated by her death but a few years. During this time he had his father, step-mother and younger sister, and a sister and a brother of his wife to care for.

In 1830 he sold out in Kentucky and moved to Missouri and bought him a farm, and the first thing he did was to build a comfortable home for his father, mother and sister near his

own home. They had a most lovely home and the love and harmony of the two families, while I was an inmate of the house, was a delight to behold.

The Colonel's only brother and his six sisters had moved to Illinois, and in 1833 the Colonel sold out in Missouri and joined his brother and sisters in Irish Grove, Sangamon County, Illinois, and bought him a farm, and there they built a Presbyterian church. But the years 1834-35 proved to be years of great sickness. There were many deaths, and among the number the Colonel's loved step-mother and a brother-in-law. In 1835-6 it was determined among the relatives that a healthier home should be found and early in April, 1836, Col. Patterson, Greene Casey, Alexander H. Walker and myself started for the New Purchase west of the Mississippi, and bought the town quarter section where West Point had just been located, and we all located claims near together. Col. Patterson, having more means than any of us, built and kept a hotel for some time, but there was no liquor sold in that hotel while Col. Patterson kept it. In all Col. Patterson's long life I never heard of his having an angry dispute with any man; nor did I ever hear of his being charged with a discreditable act in business. As a rule it is hardly policy for any man, when old, to give up his property to his children for a life's support, but in the case of Capt. Patterson it was wise. He lived nearly or quite thirty years on his son's bounty, doing no work; but as long as his wife lived they had a separate home to themselves, with all comforts, without work or care, and after the death of his wife he had a room of his own. As an evidence of his freedom and independence, being a Whig, he illuminated his window the night the news was received of the election of Gen. Taylor, although his son was a Democrat.

I am satisfied that there never was one moment of time that the father or mother felt that they were not lovingly treated by the son; and the half-sister was cared for in the same generous noble manner that the Colonel cared for his

own daughters. Col. Patterson was a man of wonderfully even temper. I never, with one exception, saw him in a high state of excitement.

He had been appointed Colonel of the County militia, and during the Missouri and Iowa boundary contest Gov. Lucas had ordered out every available man to at once march to Farmington to defend Iowa's rights. The Governor was for fight, and the Colonel came home from the Legislature Sunday evening, and he sent for me near bed time. I found him walking the room in great agony. He said: "I am ordered to march and take every able-bodied man to the frontier. The snow is now a foot deep and what little corn the people raised is in the field; no wood prepared for winter, and the cabins are poorly prepared to keep out the cold, and no provisions laid in. What will become of the women and children when the men are all gone?"

The County Court of Clark County, Mo., had sent a peace delegation to Burlington, but Gov. Lucas would not meet them and the Legislature cowardly refused to act, but called a mass meeting for the next day (Saturday). The town filled up and patriotism and whiskey ruled the meeting. The peace men had no show.

I urged the Colonel to return to Burlington and try to save his people, but he insisted that it would be useless, and besides he said the Governor would put him under arrest. But, on my urging and his own desire to save the people, he agreed to go if I would go with him. We reached Burlington the next morning just as the Legislature met, and we went to Shep. Leffler's seat and told him what was wanted. He at once drew up a resolution that both houses passed unanimously before 3 P. M., and the Colonel returned home and next day took the resolution to Missouri. The County Court was convened the next morning. They accepted the resolution as satisfactory and peace was restored. The troops of both sides returned home and no man was happier at the result than Col. Patterson.

I have reason to know that no other act of his life gave him more soulfelt pride than his part in saving blood and suffering in the foolish boundary war.

THE NAME OF HAMILTON COUNTY.



THE impression quite generally and very naturally arises that Hamilton County was so named in honor of the great associate — in the field and in the cabinet — of George Washington; and this belief has occasionally found expression in newspaper articles. This is an error, the correction of which I desire to place upon permanent record in these pages. The simple facts of the case are as follows:

Before the adoption of the present State Constitution, we had no such office as that of Lieutenant-Governor. The Senate elected their own presiding officer, and he was simply known as "the President of the Senate." The gentleman who held this position at the last session of the State Legislature in Iowa City was Hon. W. W. Hamilton, who had been elected to the Senate from Dubuque County. The line of "Presidents of the Senate" ended with him, for the new Constitution provided for the election of a Lieutenant-Governor. During that last session a large district up in the northwest corner of the State was represented in the lower house by Hon. W. C. Willson, who still resides at Webster City, as hale and hearty almost as in those old days "befo' de wah." Webster City was then in old Webster County, and Homer was the capital town. Willson went to work to get two counties made by act of the Legislature out of the large one, which was shaped on the old maps something like a boot. He proposed to cut off the toe for the new county. In this work he was greatly aided by Judge Hamilton, who presided over the other branch of the Legislature. The bill passed both houses and was

approved by Gov. J. W. Grimes. In compliment to Judge Hamilton the county was named after him through the effort of Mr. Willson. That is the whole (and the true) story of the naming of that county.

Old Webster County had been established by some previous legislature, by the union of Yell and Riley counties, as they appear on the maps of that period. Some gentlemen opposed the erection of the new county of Hamilton, upon the ground that these frequent changes were hardly necessary; but Willson energetically carried it through, and so the lines remain "unto this day.

Judge W. W. Hamilton was an Englishman, but he had been long in this country. I knew him well from 1857 until his death, many years after the war. I often talked with him about "*his* county," as he sometimes spoke of it, and he was one of the first subscribers to the *Hamilton Freeman*, the paper I founded at Webster City in 1857. He was a gentleman of thorough culture, possessed of wide and varied information — eminently genial and social — and one of the finest presiding officers we have ever had in our State. He was a leading Iowa railroad builder for several years—mainly in constructing the line from Dubuque to Sioux City — in which he was associated with the late Platt Smith.

This, I believe, was the last time that it was attempted to tamper with county lines, or change county seats in the Legislature. The new Constitution provided ways and means for doing this at home.

Judge Hamilton was so excellent a man, he labored so earnestly, so intelligently, so efficiently, in developing the resources of our incipient State, that his memory should not be allowed to perish; nor should it ever be contended that Hamilton County received its name in honor of the great soldier and statesman of our revolutionary days—for the facts were precisely as I have set them forth.

CHARLES ALDRICH.

State Library, December 5, 1890.

BUSHWHACKING IN MISSOURI.

BY CAPT. N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 557.]



ON my return to Independence I concluded to locate there. Many years previously the prophet Joe Smith declared it the Zion of the latter day saints — the haven of rest and Paradise of the faithful. He planted a pole on a slight elevation on the temple ground and declared it the center of the world. I felt that if that were true I would have a central location and that in Zion, the home of the blessed, a place that I had never hoped before to reach by land, and then to own a corner lot in Zion,—what an acquisition! And what fool would not want to locate there? But, alas! it has all proved, like its author, a wonderful bug whose surname is hum. Those who had hovered around the prophet in his prophetic days and “were at ease in Zion,” had gone glimmering down the stream of time, leaving a bitter recollection in the minds of the old inhabitants of Jackson county. From what I could gather of their history from the old citizens, many of them were a class similar to the bushwhacking element that were then disturbing the country, and writing their own history in blood and crime. The closing of the war checked in some measure the operations of the bushwhackers, for the time being, which led many to the opinion that bushwhackers had abandoned their occupation for something more honorable, but this was a hope not to be realized; they were only maturing a different plan of operations, which the declaration of peace made necessary and compelled them to act on their own credit and not upon that of either of the armies. They watched carefully the civil authorities to see what action would be taken in their case. Warrants were issued for the arrest of quite a number of them, but the sheriff found it impossible to capture any of them. Occasional depredations were committed by them as if to menace the authorities.

About the first of June, 1866, one of their number, J. Perry, committed some crime in Kansas and escaped to Missouri and was captured in Jackson county and lodged in jail at Independence to await a requisition from the Governor of Kansas. Henry Burgler, an Irishman, was jailor and city marshal at that time. He was a most excellent man and popular officer. When a prisoner passed into his hands he passed into safe keeping. On the evening of the 13th of that month an attempt was made by some fifteen or twenty bushwhackers to release the prisoner before the Kansas authorities could remove him. They were well armed and mounted and quietly rode into the town between the hours of ten and eleven at night, when most of the citizens were quietly reposing. The jailor and family were sleeping in a front room of the jail building — not dreaming that death was near and resting in security. The bushwhackers rode up to the front door and called to the jailor, who on being aroused from sleep responded to the call, supposing it to be some citizen who had business with him, arose and in his night clothes walked to the door, which he opened, when the prison keys were demanded of him. He at once refused and as he closed the door the bushwhackers fired through the door and window of the sleeping apartment, a ball striking Mr. Burgler in the left breast, passing through his heart; he walked into his room and dropped dead. A shot that passed through the window struck his little son, who was enjoying his sleep in bed, inflicting a severe and painful flesh wound in his arm.

The firing aroused those citizens who had not yet retired, many sprang from their beds and seizing their firearms rushed out to ascertain the cause of the alarm. The bushwhackers, anticipating an attack, put spurs to their horses, firing right and left as they galloped out of the town. In passing the "Hickman House," one of the principal hotels, many of the guests had been attracted to the windows by the firing and were conspicuous targets for the outlaws, who poured a heavy fire in upon them, causing them to retire a little quicker than

ordinarily. Fortunately none were hit, but there were several loud calls. The walls of the house somewhat resembled a small-pocked face. Many of the citizens were soon upon the ground, prepared for any emergency, but not in time to capture the bandits, who made good their escape. The night was dark and pursuit would have been fruitless. As soon as the result of their attack was known the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the town; the death of Burgler was a paralytic stroke to the entire community. No one could have been taken away so suddenly whose loss would have been more keenly felt and so generally mourned. For years he had filled the position he occupied with entire satisfaction to all, and was regarded as one that was incorruptible. The day following all business houses of the town were closed. The public buildings as well as many of the private residences were draped in mourning; all seemed to feel that they had lost a brother. His remains were followed to the Catholic cemetery of that place by a very large concourse of mourning friends.

A few days after Burgler's assassination a meeting of the citizens was called to consult as to the best method to bring the assassins to justice, and to protect the town against similar invasions that it seemed probable would occur again. The meeting was taken in charge of by a sectional element of rabid politicians, who were disposed to turn the sad occurrence to political interest and who hooted down every old citizen who attempted to speak, notwithstanding they had more at stake than any other class. Judge Hevey, an old resident of the town and a leading lawyer, arose in the meeting to offer a resolution that a reward of \$5,000 be offered for the arrest and conviction of the assassins, when he was hooted down by one ex-Lieut. Burns and a few other hair brains who controlled the meeting and were the leading spirits, whose heated zeal overpowered their better judgment, if they possessed any. Burns was the leading spirit of the excited party and was a man well calculated to incite a mob, his impetuous

nature knew no bounds. He declared martial law, the meeting was adjourned and he rushed into the street with a revolver in hand and attempted to press the farmers' horses that he found hitched there into the service, but soon finding that the pressing was not all done by one man or a few blustering specimens of humanity, and that they would most likely get badly pressed themselves, began looking around for another victim on which to display their love of country and leave a brilliant record to a heroic age. Their blood-charged eyes soon fell on a large picture of Dr. Jayne or some other noted medicine man, displayed in the window of a drug store kept by Mr. Peacock, an old citizen; their heated imagination told them that it was the picture of Gen. R. E. Lee. They rushed into the store and peremptorily commanded Mr. Peacock to take down that picture (pointing to it) and gave him to understand that hereafter the flaunting of rebel pictures would not be permitted by a patriotic people. The supposed general withdrew in good order, and another bloodless victory was scored. Acting upon the principle that quick and successive victories lead to fame, their aspirations for another victory beckoned them on to the Independence *Scintinel* office, a democratic journal, denominated by them as the "rebel organ." They made a quick-step march to the office, which they proposed to demolish. Cooler heads and wiser brains, anticipating their movement, met them at the door and demanded them to stop and consider what they were about to do, that their persistence would endanger life and property and involve the community in bloody strife attended with the most serious consequences, that the paper was amenable to the law and the law would look after it. After a round dose of sound advice from personal friends, their bloody fever abated and they began to see themselves as others saw them, and slunk away to their homes to reflect on their indiscretion.

Lieut. Burns at that time practiced law in Independence. Notwithstanding his impetuous and fanatical disposition he was in the general way a man of fine social qualities. He mar-

ried a most estimable young lady; soon after he was accused by some of his brother soldier clients of shortage of money entrusted to his care, when he drifted over into Kansas and was last seen in the vicinity of the Bender family, who it is supposed murdered him.

A call was made on Gov. Fletcher for troops for the protection of the town and surrounding country against further attacks from bushwhackers. The Governor at once shipped arms and ammunition sufficient for one company of cavalry, which he commissioned Capt. Thomas Phelan to raise, with headquarters at Independence. The company was filled in a few days and mustered into service, with orders to hold themselves ready for any emergency that might demand their service, and aid and assist the civil authorities in enforcing law and order. They made many efforts to capture lawless characters, but never succeeded in a single instance as I now remember. Capt. Phelan was a very impulsive character, which soon brought him into disrepute with the citizens of the town. He was too ready to suspicion without cause. At that time I was connected with a mercantile firm doing business under the name of Levering & Van Note. The house frequently received goods by rail and express. Learning one day that the house had just received a small consignment of carefully boxed goods, his suspicions were aroused that the firm was receiving arms and ammunition for bushwhackers. He at once entered the store on a double-quick, expecting to capture an arsenal, and demanded to know what goods we had been receiving. He was shown a box of agricultural implements—indicators of peace. We assured him that we had beaten our swords and spears into plow shares and pruning hooks and were treading the paths of peace. His suspicious and impulsive character was what caused some of the Irish League to attempt his assassination a few years since. After about two month's service, and accomplishing nothing in subduing the lawless, who had friends and hiding places all over the country and were constantly on the alert, it was

thought best by the governor to disband the company. As the military had proved impotent and ineffectual in subjugating or extirpating bushwhacking, the leading citizens of northern and southern proclivities, who had carefully canvassed the situation, seeing that the law and the officials were powerless unless backed up by the people, at once organized what was known as the "Little Blue Township Law and Order Society." The members of the society were pledged to assist the officers of the law in bringing criminals to justice and see that they were justly dealt with. Politics was in no way to be a feature in its principles. All who desired that peace and harmony should prevail were cordially invited to participate. This organization did much to counteract the radical political element, that was endeavoring to turn the acts of the lawless to political account and strengthen their chances for preferment. The openly public insult offered the old citizens at the meeting run by these would-be patriots and political shysters, was much discussed upon the streets; the old citizens felt that they had been very unkindly dealt with. The more conservative of the northern element were in sympathy with them and were desirous that justice should be done them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUDGE MILLER'S APPOINTMENT TO THE SUPREME COURT.

THE recent death of Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court at Washington, brings to mind an incident connected with his appointment to office by President Lincoln. It was made during the war, when he was called upon frequently to make military appointments. During the pendency of the appointment, while Gov. Kirkwood was presiding over the affairs of the state, he happened to be in Washington, when he was in-

vited by Senator Harlan, in company with a couple of the representatives from this state, to call upon Mr. Lincoln and urge the appointment of the Justice. In calling upon him, they found him sitting sidewise at his writing table, with his long legs around each other in a grape vine twist, and after a little formal conversation, Mr. Harlan, as spokesman of the callers, said: "We have called Mr. President to see you again in regard to that appointment, as we are anxious that it should be made," to which the Governor added, "It is one that would give great satisfaction to the people of Iowa, and as we think a very fit and proper one to be made."

Thus far no office, nor the name of the man to fill it had been mentioned, Mr. Harlan and those with him, supposing the President knew what office and to what person for it they alluded. Mr. Lincoln, relieving his legs from their accustomed twist, turned around to his table, picked up his pen, and drawing a paper to him as if to make the appointment in compliance with their wishes, said to them, "What is the office and whom do you wish to be placed in it?" Mr. Harlan replied, "We wish to have Mr. Miller of Iowa chosen by you to the vacancy on the Supreme Bench." "Well, well," replied the President, replacing his pen and pushing back his paper, "that is a very important position and I will have to give it serious consideration. I had supposed you wanted me to make some one a Brigadier General for you."

They left without assurance from the President what his choice would be, but in a few days they learned that their wishes in that respect had been gratified, and it proved to be one of the very best appointments Mr. Lincoln made to a civil office.

H. W. LATHROP.

THE SPIRIT LAKE EXPEDITION—1857.



OUR gigantic Civil War has quite obscured the terrible events in northwestern Iowa, in March, 1857, growing out of the massacre by the Sioux Indians of the inhabitants who had just previously settled around Spirit Lake—now so famous a summer resort. We cannot at this time enter upon any statement of the causes which led to that relentless butchery of unoffending men, women and children, or even of the facts themselves. Suffice it to say, that when information of the dire slaughter reached Fort Dodge and Webster City, there was an instantaneous rally of able-bodied men at each place, and an expedition was set on foot for the relief of any who might still have survived and the punishment of the Indians, if they could be found. Fort Dodge furnished two companies (A. and B.) and Webster City one (C). Maj. Wm. Williams was chosen to the command. In fact, he held a commission from Gov. Hempstead, authorizing him to act in any such emergency. How this expedition set out, the sufferings the officers and men endured, what they tried to accomplish, are clearly set forth in the following most interesting address, by Capt. Charles B. Richards, who commanded Co. A. This address was delivered at Webster City on the 12th of August, 1887. At that time a brass tablet was erected in the Court House of Hamilton County in honor of Co. C., whose Captain (J. C. Johnson) was lost and frozen to death on the march. The address of Capt. Richards has never been published. The manuscript from which he read belongs to "the Aldrich Collection" in the Iowa State Library, and has been loaned to us for presentation to our readers. We need not say that it is a document of much historical value.

William E. Burkholder, of Fort Dodge, a brother of Mrs. Gov. C. C. Carpenter, was also frozen to death on the return march. Gov. Grimes urged the Legislature to provide some suitable monument to the memory of Burkholder

and Johnson, but nothing ever came of it. Twelve years afterward their whitened bones were found on the prairie where they perished, by some settler, and identified by their arms, which lay near each skeleton. The relics of Johnson were sent to his mother in Pennsylvania, and Burkholder's were buried at Fort Dodge. Recently his portrait and one of his letters have been added to "the Aldrich Collection;" but no memento of Capt. Johnson has yet been found. Burkholder was a young man of much ability and promise, and possessed most excellent personal qualities. He was elected Treasurer and recorder of Webster county on the day in which he perished on the trackless prairie. The beautiful tablet at Webster City was erected mainly through the efforts of Mr. Chas. Aldrich, and is one of the finest historical monuments in the state. On the occasion of its dedication Gov. William Larrabee, and fully 2,000 people were in attendance. Addresses were delivered by Gov. Larrabee, Mayor McMurray, Captains Richards and Duncombe, Lieut. John Maxwell, Gov. Carpenter, Michael Sweeney and Wm. Laughlin, privates in the expedition, and Charles Aldrich. Upon some future occasion we may recur to this subject and publish some of these addresses. At this time we invite attention to the narrative of Capt Richards:

ADDRESS BY CAPT. CHARLES B. RICHARDS, OF
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA.

It has been intimated to me by the Chairman of your Committee on Programme that my personal recollections of that memorable march would be acceptable at this time. You have met to-day to formally unveil this beautiful memorial tablet, which is for all time to commemorate the heroic part taken by the citizens of your county in one of the most remarkable marches through untrodden snows, over and across treeless and trackless prairies, in the midst of one of the coldest and most inhospitable winters ever known in this latitude, with only such arms and ammunition as each man happened to own, or could borrow from some neighbor;

without tents, adequate transportation, or commissary supplies.

First let me compliment the authorities of your county who have given the first public recognition of the bravery, heroism, pluck, and endurance, which the men whose names are inscribed on this enduring brass, have ever received. Costly monuments of marble and granite have been reared in many places for far less noble and self-sacrificing public services.

In the latter part of March, 1857, the then frontier town of Fort Dodge was aroused by the arrival of Orlando C. Howe and R. W. Wheelock, two of the pioneer settlers of Spirit Lake on the extreme northern border of the State, and nearly one hundred miles distant, who had just returned from a trip to their claims at the lakes, and related what they had there seen. A meeting of the citizens was at once called at the school house, at which Major William Williams was chairman and myself secretary. Messrs. Howe and Wheelock stated, that on arriving at the lakes near dark three nights before, they had found the houses all deserted; the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families, — men, women and children, — lying around; the cattle killed in the stables, in fact, that the Indians had killed, destroyed, or taken captive every living thing in the settlement, and that the probability was that having accomplished so much here, would follow on up the Des Moines river, and destroy the settlements known to exist there.

As soon as the facts were known it was resolved to call for volunteers to go to the relief of the exposed settlements. Nearly 100 men enrolled their names, and signified their readiness to march. It was here determined to organize the force into two companies, which was done, and the officers selected by the companies. It was also resolved to send a messenger to Webster City, Homer and Border Plains for assistance. The companies "A" and "B," as organized, were as follows: Co. "A." Captain, Chas. B. Richards; Lieutenant, F. A. Stratton; Sergeant, L. K. Wright; Corporal, Solon Mason; Privates, Wm. Burkholder, Geo. W. Brazee, C. C. Carpenter, Angus McBane, Wm. Pollock, Andrew Hood, Geo. B. Sherman, Henry Coree, Julius Conrads, T. D. Crawford, Orlando C. Howe, R. W. Wheelock, B. F. Parmenter, Wm. Defore, J. H. Dailly, Wm. N. Ford, J. Forney, J. Gates, T. McCally, T. Maher, E. Mahan, L. B. Ridgway, Winton Smith, R. A. Smith, G. P. Smith, O. S. Spencer, C. Stebbins Stancleave,

W. F. Porter, D. Westerfield, and D. O. Keson. The last named was discharged on the third day on account of sore eyes. Co. "B." Captain, John F. Duncombe; 1st Lieutenant, James Lime; 2d Lieutenant, S. E. Stevens; Sergeant, Wm. M. Koons; Corporal, Thos. Calligan; Privates, Jesse Addington, A. E. Burtch, Hiram Benjamin, D. H. Baker, Orlando Rice, Richard Carter, A. E. Crouse, R. F. Carter, M. Cavanaugh, J. Evans, D. S. Howell, Albert Johnson, Robt. McCormick, W. Searls, John White, Wm. Wilson, Washington Williams, Jonas Murray, Daniel Morrissey, G. F. McClure, M. McCarty, A. H. Malcomb, John McFarlane, Gurnsey Smith, F. M. Thatcher, R. Whetstone, John C. Laughley. The last was discharged on the third day on account of sore feet.

The next day was spent in getting together such arms, ammunition, clothing, blankets, and commissary supplies as could be obtained near the end of a severe winter in a frontier town, one hundred and fifty miles from any source of supply. Two teams were engaged to haul the bedding, camp-equipage, and provisions, — one for each company, — and everything made ready to start. The next day in the evening the men, whose names are engraved on this beautiful tablet, arrived from Webster City, and were organized as a separate company, known as Co. "C." All were under the command of Major Wm. Williams. All the preparations which our limited means and resources would permit having been made, we set out on our march the next morning.

The snow being nearly three feet deep, and there being no track, made very hard work for the men who were put ahead to break the road. After six hours' marching we arrived at Badger Creek, six miles from Fort Dodge, and went into camp near some hay stacks, cooking our first meal. But little sleep was obtained by any one, not having learned how to lie close together and make the most of our blankets. All were up and breakfast cooked and eaten soon after daylight, and ready to resume the march. The day was bright and warm, making the snow soft and wet. Many of the men suffered from snow blindness, and the exposed skins of hands or face was burned so as to be very sore. By hard marching and by assisting the teams by means of a long rope, with twenty to thirty men on each rope, we managed to reach Dacotah near night, and went into camp. We had now been out two days,

and to some the romance had worn off. To some walking all day in the wet snow had made their feet so sore that they were unable to walk, much less continue the march; and some were nearly blind from the effects of the bright sun on the snow. Those who were suffering from either cause were discharged. Those who had not lost any Indians quietly remained and did not join the command when the order to march was given by the commanding officer next morning.

The third day was bright and warm, and our way lay across the prairie in the direction of McKnight's Point. Travelling as we were nearly parallel with the west branch of the Des Moines river, we were frequently crossing the heads of small streams and ravines, all of which were level full with the drifted snow.

When one of these was reached the command halted, and all were put in line to tramp a road across. If the depression was not too deep, after going over this several times until the snow was well packed, the teams by the help of the men could cross; but we found several where the ravine was deep and the snow frozen fifteen to twenty feet deep, and on these no amount of tramping we could do would make a road that would bear the teams and wagons, and our only way was to tramp the road as well as we could, separate the horses, lead them over, then convey the loads across, and by fastening our long ropes to the empty wagons drag them through, the snow frequently gathering so deep and hard in front of the wagons, that we would have to shovel it out and then with the teams and men with long ropes drag them across, load up and go on until we found another similar obstruction. Early in the afternoon it became apparent that we would not be able to reach the timber at McKnight's Point. Capt. Duncombe, Lieut. Maxwell and R. W. Wheelock were sent ahead to look out a road, and if possible get to timber and water; they succeeded in reaching the point late in the evening, being assisted by some settlers living there, who hearing their guns came to their assistance, and made beacon fires for any that might still be out. The main body, tired out with the hard day's work, wet and hungry, went into camp when it became so dark that it was impossible to keep our direction, on a ridge where the snow had blown off. Here, in the freezing wet, with such rations as we had, we spent the night, with no camp-fires or

water except from melted snow. As soon as daylight appeared in the morning we started and reached Evans' Claim, and went into camp soon after noon, having made six miles. Here we found Capt. Duncombe and others, who had arrived the previous night, the Captain suffering much from neuralgia and an overdose of medicine taken when exhausted, before getting in the previous night, which proved to be mostly laudanum.

It was determined to go no further that day, but to give the men a rest, and cook up sufficient provisions to last the next day. Here several men turned back being unable to endure the hardships of the march.

The next morning the command started early, and by hard and constant work reached Shippey's at dark. At McCormick's a mile below Shippey's we found McBane, Ex-Gov., C. C. Carpenter, Wm. P. Pollock and Andrew Hood, who joined Co. "A," and went on with us from that point. We also found at Shippey's a part of a load of flour which a Mr. Luce had left some weeks before, having got this far, where the deep snow had rendered it impossible to get his load farther, he had taken what he could haul on a hand sled and gone on to his family at the Lakes. With this we replenished our meagre supplies, and the next day reached the Irish Colony in Palo Alto County, where we were able to get some hay for a bed and sleep under the cattle sheds.

Our teams being nearly worn out we got an ox team here to help us along, and started out in the morning, first having sent an advance guard. Nothing having been heard from the settlement above, it was feared that the Indians had destroyed them, and would follow down the river and reach Mud Lakes at night. About noon that day, the advance saw on the prairie in the distance a number of persons moving slowly, stopping and consulting, evidently having discovered us, each party fearing the other was Indians, until it was discovered that there were women and children in the party and an ox team, when the men at once suspected they were a party of settlers, and went to them and found that they were the sole survivors of the settlement at Springfield, Minnesota, a small settlement on the Des Moines, a few miles north of the state line, which had been attacked by the same band of Indians which had destroyed the entire colony at the Lakes a few days before; and all but this party which had escaped in

the night had been murdered. They were a very dilapidated looking party. First was an ox team with Mr. Thomas and Miss Swanger and Mr. Carver, both wounded in the fight at Springfield, driven by the only able-bodied man in the party. This was followed by Mr. Wm. Church carrying one child and leading another, by the women and children, wet, hungry, cold and nearly exhausted, having been for two nights and nearly two days on the prairie without fire or food except a little raw corn, and I doubt very much if all or any had lived to reach the colony, but for this accidental meeting.

The men at once divided all the cooked rations with the sufferers. The surgeon, Dr. C. A. Bissell, did all in his power to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. On consultation it was determined to go to the nearest timber some two miles distant and camp for the night. The men built good fires, improvised a tent from blankets, and made them as comfortable as possible. The surgeon dressed the wounds, and the party obtained some much needed rest. Not knowing but that the Indians might be in the vicinity, guards were placed in all directions around the camp, which, the night being dark and the men nearly worn out, were changed hourly; with which and keeping up a supply of wood for the fires but little rest was obtained by the men. We sent the rescued party back under charge of the surgeon in the morning, to the Irish Colony, and resumed our march, hoping to overtake the Indians at Springfield, having learned from Mrs. Church, one of the party, that the Wood Bros. store contained many things that would detain the Indians, and that probably they would find whiskey enough to keep them drunk for several days. There was no incident to break the monotony of the march, and on the evening of the next day we arrived at Grangers' Point near the state line, where we found one of the Grangers and a boy occupying a small cabin. They treated us with indifference; in fact we could get but little information from them, and no assistance. They said they had no food, and locked up the cabin, showing the most inhospitable spirit of any pioneers it has ever been my fortune to meet. We did learn from them that the troops from Fort Ridgeley had been down to Springfield two days before, and had sent a detachment over to the Lakes, but had been to only one place up on Spirit Lake, and found one body which they had buried, and then returned to the Fort on

account of the bad weather and roads and a short supply of rations.

From this we determined that pursuit of the Indians would be useless even had it been possible, but we had subsisted for two day on *slap jacks* made from flour and water with neither salt nor anything to make them light, with barely enough ham to grease the pan in which they were fried.

We managed to spend a very uncomfortable night, it taking till very late to cook enough *slap jacks* to go around, and many of the men preferred to lie down and rest to cooking them, but knowing the necessity of eating, I insisted on all my company taking their coffee and slap jacks, and cooked far into the night until all had been supplied.

A consultation of the officers was had during the night, and it was determined to send six or eight men from each company, if they would volunteer, with all the provisions we could spare to the Lakes to make a thorough examination and bury the dead. In the morning the command was all drawn up, and volunteers called for for that purpose. Capt. Johnson of Co. "C," who lost his life on this trip and myself with Lieut. Maxwell of Co. C., Privates, Henry Carse, Wm. Burkholder, Wm. N. Ford, J. H. Dailly, O. C. Howe, Geo. P. Smith, O. S. Spencer, C. Stebbins Stancleave, R. W. Wheelock, R. A. Smith, and B. F. Parmenter of Co. "A;" Jessie Addington, R. McCormick, J. M. Thatcher, W. N. Wilson, James Murray and A. E. Burtch of Co. "B;" with Wm. Laughlin and E. D. Kellogg of Co. "C," volunteered for this trip and constituted the party.

The Spirit Lake detachment having cooked a couple of days rations, and selected such bedding and clothing as could be carried by each man, assisted by my Indian pony, were ready to start by nine in the morning, the main body having started on the return trip an hour before. On coming to the river we found a channel open in the middle and the water very high, but by getting a log across the men were able to get over, but after spending nearly an hour it was found impossible to get the pony across, and as time was important I turned over the command to Capt. Johnson; divided the load on the pony among the men; gave to Wm. Burkholder of my company and one of my intimate personal friends, who with Lieut. Stratton had shared the same blankets with me since starting, my rations and a veil to protect his face and eyes, and

a small shawl, bid him good bye, little thinking it would be forever. He was a young man of rare promise, educated, brave, generous, unselfish. He volunteered for this expedition, knowing that it would be a great personal sacrifice, having been nominated by the Republicans of his county, as their candidate for Treasurer and Recorder, and knowing that his absence during the election might and probably would result in his defeat, but he never gave it a thought. His patriotism and his manhood called, and he went to lay down his young life that he might protect his fellow citizens and their frontier homes from the merciless savage.

Being unable to get the pony across the river, and the entire command having been some two hours on the return march, there was no one to take the pony back. I was obliged to follow and overtake the main body before night, which I did before they left the midday camp. We camped for the night at a trapper's small cabin at Mud Lakes, where we now found the frozen carcasses of some beaver, which we tried to cook to piece out our scanty rations. The excitement and hope of accomplishing some good having ceased, all were anxious to get where they would find food and rest. Many were footsore, and many had entirely worn out their boots, and all were nearly tired out with the constant exposure, poor food, and hard marching through the melting snow and water. I shall always remember the night we spent at this place. Geo. W. Brazee, a young lawyer, a member of my company, had been suffering from tooth-ache, he had thrown away his heavy boots having left them too near the camp fire when wet, shrinking them so that when he found them they were useless. He had put on the only ones he had left, a light pair, and marching all day in the melting snow and water had made his feet so sore that he could only relieve them by cutting holes in many places in the boots. Several of our company built a fire in one corner of the trapper's cabin and spread our blankets on the dirt floor to sleep, but poor Brazee could not get his boots off, and fearing if he cut them so that he could, he would have nothing to keep his feet from the ground, and as the pain in his feet was relieved his tooth reminded him that it needed his attention, and after lying down and trying to sleep, frequently reiterating the fact that he knew he would die, he gets up, goes out and gets a hind quarter of beaver, and begins to roast it over the

coals, and in a half reclining position he spent the entire night roasting and trying to eat from the tough leathery meat, first consigning his painful feet to a warmer climate, and then as his tooth-ache for a time attracted most attention giving us a short lecture on dentistry, and when the tooth would get easy for a short time, he would, with both hands holding on the partially roasted quarter of beaver, get hold with his teeth and try to tear off a piece. The picture by the weird light of the fire was a striking one, and left a lasting impression on my mind.

Whilst the melting of the snow made it much easier for men and teams most of the way, the water ways and creeks were rendered nearly impassable and consumed so much time in crossing that we could only go about the same distance per day as when the snow was deepest. I remember that on leaving Mud Lakes we got along rapidly until we came to Prairie Creek, which showed nicely on top, the snow still being very deep across the narrow ravine through which it ran, except at the point where we had crossed on our way up; here the tramping and shoveling had caused the water to settle, so as to be impassable for either man or teams, and an attempt to cross above or below proved impracticable; and it was necessary with a board from the wagon box to tamp a path and then put the board down, get over the main creek, the snow being hollow and the water under many feet deep. In this way the men were able to cross and carry all the luggage; the long ropes were then taken over, one end first having been fastened to the end of the wagon, and all hands starting on a run dragged the wagons through. We then fastened the rope to the yoke of the oxen and they were dragged through; and when all were over the end of the rope was fastened to the end of the halter on my pony, and pushing him in the men started on the run, and the pony disappeared under the slush and water, and for twenty feet did not come to the surface, but striking the bank he came out shaking his head and snorting, much to the amusement of all parties. The Irish Colony was reached in the evening. Here the officers were all called together to consult as to ways and means to get food to keep the men together until we could reach Fort Dodge. The settlers at the colony were on short rations and could spare nothing. We decided to buy a steer and kill for the party, but we had no money, and the owner

refused to sell without pay. We offered to give the personal obligation of all the officers, and assured them that the State would pay a good price, but this was not satisfactory. We therefore decided to take one *vi et armis*, and detailed several men to kill and dress the steer. They were met by men, women, and children armed with pitchforks to resist the sacrifice, and not being able to convince them either of the necessity of the case, or that they would get pay for the steer, I ordered Lieut. Stratton and a squad of men with loaded guns to go and take the steer, when seeing we were determined and that further resistance would be useless, the hostile party retired. The animal was soon dressed and distributed to the men, and for the first time in ten days they had a full meal.

Here we had hoped that the detachment sent to the lakes might overtake us, but as they did not come we left what meat had not been used for them and resumed our march.

The day was warm until about noon, when a cold rain began, making it dreary and dismal. We found several small creeks and all the ravines full of water, but crossed all without much detention, until we arrived at Cylinder Creek, about twelve or fifteen miles from the colony and two from Shippey, where we expected to camp for the night. This point we reached about three p. m., when we found the bottom on the west side one vast sheet of water, fully half a mile wide. We had become so accustomed to overcoming obstructions, that, after sending two men with poles to wade out as far as possible and ascertain the depth of water, and getting their report, which was, that the men could wade for nearly half a mile in water from three to five feet deep, when they would reach the channel proper of the creek; that this was from 60 to 80 feet wide and very deep with a swift current, we determined to make a boat from our wagon box by caulking the cracks with cotton taken from the comforters, and with this, first stretching a rope across the deep water, we could wade the men out to that point and run them across in the wagon box. Capt. Duncombe selected Gurnsey Smith, a man of great strength and endurance, and I selected Solon Mason from my company, a man of equal courage and strength, who waded, one on each side of the improvised boat, while Capt. Duncombe and myself bailed the water, which found its way in nearly as fast as we could dip it out. When we arrived at the bank of

the creek proper, within some 80 or 100 feet of the farther shore, we took Smith and Maxon in. We stationed two men, who had waded out for that purpose, near the bank where they found a place with not more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 feet of water, to hold one end of our long rope, whilst we pushed across, uncoiling the rope as we went. When we struck the swift current we were carried rapidly down stream, but by all using our poles managed to get across, but as we struck the further shore where the bank was steep, and a lot of ice piled up, our boat on striking shore shut one corner up like a jack-knife, there being no braces at the corners. Every man jumped for shore, and by getting hold of some willows all got out, Mason losing his overcoat and hat, and all getting wet. When the boat, which had gone under in the collapse, came up it was only separate boards floating down the rapid stream, and our rope was gone. The men who had come out to hold one end could not stand the cold water longer and waded back to the main body. We had hoped to stretch the rope across the deep water and ferry over the men.

About this time the wind suddenly charged to the northwest and began to blow fiercely and very cold, so that our wet clothes began to freeze and stiffen. Capt. Duncombe and myself at once concluded to send Smith and Mason to Shippey for an ox team and load of poles, with which to construct a raft on which to cross the men. We, in the meantime, going up and down the banks of the creek to see if there was any better place to cross by the time they returned. The wind was blowing a gale, and the air full of snow, and the cold becoming intense. Mr. Mason was without overcoat or hat only a handkerchief around his head. The Shippeys at once loaded a wagon with poles and with these, on their arrival we tried to construct a raft, but in the face of that blizzard,—for such it had now become, we could do nothing. By this time it had become so dark that nothing could be seen of the other shore. Neither on account of the rise of the wind could we get any reply to our frequent calls. We were utterly incapable of further exertion. The howling wind and drifting snow was fast obliterating the track. We consulted together and determined that it was as utterly impossible for us to render any assistance to our men as it would have been had they been in mid-ocean, and our only safety lay in getting to Shippey before the darkness and drifting snow made it impossible.

It was terrible with our frozen clothes, and it was near nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the cabin. Here we passed a night which no lapse of time will ever obliterate from my memory. So small was the cabin and so cold, and no other clothes to change we warmed ourselves by the open fire, had some bacon and bread and a cup of coffee, the best thing to revive exhausted nature I have ever found. We had no blankets, but borrowed what the Shippey's could spare from their scanty store, and spent the night some trying to sleep; some drying their clothes by turning first one side to the fire, then the other: all anxious and making frequent visits to the door, hoping the storm would abate, but each time only to find the wind and cold increasing. I well remember finding an old black pipe and some strong plug tobacco, which under the excitement and anxiety I smoked every time I was up, which was most of the time, without feeling any effects from it, which at any other time would have made me sick in two minutes. I remember it seemed as if the light of day would never come. Each man in the command out in this terrible night with neither food, fire, or even the protection of a tent was constantly before me, and what they could and would do to save themselves was ever in my thoughts, but I had great faith in their ability and judgment. I had seen them for the last twelve days tried as few men ever are, with us shrinking from no fear, and full of expedients to meet every demand on their courage, energy, and endurance, and believed they would be equal to this trying occasion, but still had fears. So terrible was the wind and cold and so penetrating the drifting snow, the terrible thought would come that we should find them huddled together in one frozen mass. Again, that finding they could not live where they were, they would try to get back to the Irish Colony and that we should find them scattered on the prairie, each where exhausted nature had succumbed to the fierce wind, the biting cold, and the penetrating snow; but then came the thought that Carpenter, Stratton, and Stevens were there and were fully capable to save the party by their coolness, experience, and good judgment: it was a terrible dream had whilst wide awake and every faculty acute and strained to the highest tension. Thus we passed the night. With early dawn Capt. Duncombe, Smith, Mason and myself started for the creek, the blizzard still at its height, if not increasing. Mason had borrowed an

old coat but his underclothes had not become entirely dry during the night, and the cold penetrating wind soon found its way to his very bones, and so chilled him that he shook as if with ague, and seemed completely dazed, and wanted to lie down. I saw it was impossible for him to go on, and with difficulty got him back to the cabin. Leaving him I went on and overtook the others before they arrived at the creek. It was a hard tramp right in the face of the blizzard, with the drifts many feet deep, and the snow perfectly blinding. On reaching the creek we were unable to see across, or much more than across the channel; the ice had formed across and would bear us near the shore, but in the middle where the current was swiftest, it was very thin and would not bear our weight. We wandered up and down the creek hoping to find a place where we could cross but could not, but did find one or two of the boards from the wagon box we had used as a boat the previous night, with this by lying down flat in the centre of the board, one holding the rope fastened to the party on the board, we tried for an hour to cross the thin ice, but the wind was against us, and we were so cold and numb, that it was impossible, and we were obliged to prevent freezing to return to Shippey's. I know I froze my cheeks so that the scar still remains, whilst lying on the board trying to make my way across. We spent the time till afternoon watching the weather (the thermometer had marked 28 below zero when we started for the creek in the morning) and drying our clothes preparatory to making another effort to reach our men, towards night when we thought the ice would be thick enough to bear our weight by the aid of the boards.

We made the trip about three P. M. again and worked until dark with no better success, and wended our way back to Shippey's, all hope of ever finding any of our party alive having nearly departed, as the storm had, if anything, been constantly increasing all day and the morning showed that it was getting colder, but soon after we had returned Harris Hoover and two of the men came in having traveled several miles up the creek and found a place where they crossed, but not without breaking through the ice and getting wet; but from them we learned that the men were all alive, and having improvised a wind-break by stretching a wagon-sheet and blankets over the wheels of the wagon, had crawled in so thick and close that the animal heat had kept them alive,

although suffering much from hunger and their cramped positions. This news was like a stimulant to us, and we ate our bacon and bread with a relish and obtained some much needed sleep. During the night although still anxious for our Spirit Lake detachment but believing they must have arrived at the Colony before the storm and with some fears that our teamster, Mr. Slawson, an old man then seventy years of age, who from the start had never spared himself nor flinched from his severe duties, and Major Williams then over sixty years of age, who when they saw there was no probability of crossing Cylinder Creek on Saturday night, started back in the face of the storm with one team, for the Colony, and on the skeleton of the wagon, we having used the box as a boat.

At early dawn Monday morning we again started for the creek. The storm had abated, but the cold was intense, the mercury marking 34 degrees below zero. As we came to the creek we saw the men on the other side getting ready to cross. We found the ice even over the current strong enough to bear a team and our loaded wagons which we assisted across, and I found my pony still alive although exposed to all the storm with nothing to break the wind and no food or water for two days and nights. The men all reached Shippey's by 8 o'clock and then had the first food they had eaten since Saturday noon. How they all lived through these two terrible nights wet, cold, and hungry as they were, has always been a wonder to me, and still is. As to how the men spent those two days and nights only those who were there can tell, and to relate their experience, no one can better give all the facts than my friend Ex-Gov. C. C. Carpenter, whose advice and cool deliberate judgment had much to do with saving the lives of the entire party. A detailed and correct report of how the detachment which went to the Lakes can only be made by some of those brave men, who endured that terrible march. And I know of no one so well qualified to relate the incidents from the time I left them at the crossing of the West Fork of the Des Moines as Lieut. Maxwell and Wm. Laughlin whose names are engraved on this tablet. They can tell how, after marching across the divide from the river to the Lakes they visited one cabin after another only to find the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families where they had fallen when shot or brained with a hatchet or club; or the body impaled and slashed with the knife of the heart-

less and cruel savage; how they as best they could collected their families together and buried them; how, tired and hungry, they started on the return march to be met, when far out on the inhospitable prairie, by the relentless blizzard; how they passed that terrible Saturday night, wet, cold, nearly starved, with no shelter from the biting wind or driving snow; how, when all hope was nearly gone, they each made a final effort to reach the timber and shelter; how Capt. Johnson and Wm. Burkholder, differing with others as to the best way to get around a pond, separated, never again to see a friendly face this side eternity; how the survivors, a few at a time, had reached the protecting timber, or dug a hole in a snow drift, and there protected sat out the storm; and the friends who were out from the Colony looking for them found them so exhausted, frozen and dazed as to hardly know these friends when they saw them,—in fact a full recital of all the facts can only be given by those who experienced them.

As soon as the men had eaten their breakfast they started again on the homeward march, leaving all that they could not carry for the teams to bring when they came on. We spent the first night at McKnight's Point, and here Major Williams overtook us; from this point there was but little to do but get to the nearest settlement where food and shelter could be had, and many left the main body and made for the nearest cabins at Dacotah and on the West Fork, a sufficient number remaining with the teams to assist in bad places, and thus we arrived in Fort Dodge, and for the first time in seventeen days I removed my overcoat and had a night's rest.

We had heard that some of the party that went to the lakes had reached the Irish Colony, and some had come in to the river above, and did not know that any were still missing, and as some were coming in individually, or in small parties for several days, we still hoped that all might have escaped. As soon as it was learned that Capt. Johnson and Wm. Burkholder did not come in, parties were sent out who scoured the country for weeks, but without finding any trace of the missing; and it was years before the bones of these two brave men were found where they had lain down when overcome by the piercing wind and blinding snow of that terrible blizzard, having made a desperate fight for life, and having traveled many miles nearly parallel with the river timber in their vain efforts to reach the settlements.

To Major Wm. Williams, an old man with wonderful powers of endurance and sinews of steel all were attached. He endured all the hardships of the march, and all the exposure and want, the same as any private, with no word of complaint. Geo. B. Sherman of Company "A" was chosen Commissary of the expedition, and a more thankless task, or one requiring more hard work, no one had. To keep a hundred hungry men from eating up all the stores for a two week's trip in three days was almost impossible, but he did his duty and tried to piece out our scanty rations and give each man his just share.

To the entire expedition I have ever had a warm and brotherly feeling, but to Co. "A," from whom I received so many kind words, and particularly to Lieut. Stratton, Angus McBane, Ex-Gov. C. C. Carpenter, Wm. Burkholder, Rodney Smith, to whom I so frequently turned for advice in trying times, who were all so willing and ready to do everything possible for each other and for the success of the expedition, many of whom were then and have been through life my warm personal friends. Men, whose unselfish, generous, energetic, hard working, toiling days and sleepless nights were spent to assist entire strangers, could not be otherwise than good citizens, valuable to the nation, the state, and the community in which they lived.

GOVERNOR KIRKWOOD'S FIRST MEETING WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

EDITOR IOWA HISTORICAL RECORD:

IN compliance with your request I submit an account of my first meeting with Abraham Lincoln. The nomination of Abraham Lincoln by the Republicans in 1860 as the candidate for the Presidency was very favorably received by the great body of the party, although there was some disappointment felt in some of the eastern States, particularly by the friends of Mr. Seward, and to a less extent by the friends of Mr. Chase. But in the West, especially by that

portion of our people whom Mr. Lincoln so aptly afterwards called "the plain people," the feeling of his party friends in his favor was earnest and enthusiastic. His great debate with Mr. Douglas in 1858, and his Cooper Institute speech in 1860 had convinced everybody of his great ability, his thorough understanding of the great questions involved in the pending contest, his conservative views on those questions, his sterling honesty, his candor and his courage. In short, it was thoroughly believed, that although he was not, as the term was then understood, a politician—that he was a statesman in the better sense of the term. After his election two elements of apposition to his administration rapidly developed. Firstly, the secession element, composed of those who had, ever since the days of Nullification, determined upon the dissolution of the Union, and secondly, of those who earnestly sought to force Mr. Lincoln and his friends, through fear, into some compromise which would give to slavery all it contended for.

I had not ever met Mr. Lincoln, nor did I expect to attend his inauguration. But as time passed on I thought it due to him and to the official position I then held in my State, to pay my respects to him before he left his home for Washington. I was further led to do this by the increasing excitement and alarm in the country, growing out of the increasing boldness and power of the secession movement in the South and the increasing efforts of those North and South who clamored for "peace at any price," and it is but candid to say that I desired to form for myself, from a personal interview with Mr. Lincoln, a more satisfactory opinion than I otherwise could of his "equipment" to meet the unexpected and terrible responsibilities that he would probably have to meet.

Accordingly early in January, 1861, I went to Springfield Illinois. I did not expect that I should meet anyone there whom I knew, unless it might be Mr. Hatch, who was then the Secretary of State of Illinois, whom I had met at Chicago at the Republican National Convention in 1860, and with whom I had there formed a slight acquaintance. I did meet

him, either on the evening of my arrival at Springfield or the next morning. He introduced me to Gov. Yates. I told them in general terms the object of my visit, and that I was embarrassed to know when and where I could have an interview with Mr. Lincoln. They told me that he had a room or rooms in the city, at which he attended every day between certain hours, but that his time, on such occasions, was so occupied by his many callers that there was neither time nor opportunity for such an interview as they understood I wanted, and they proposed that at an hour they named they would accompany me to his residence and introduce me to him, and I could have my interview there. I hesitated somewhat about going to his residence, as he might perhaps consider it an intrusion, but they insisted he would not so consider it, and as I was anxious to accomplish my purpose and to return home as soon as possible, I consented to go with them. We started at the time appointed and on our way we saw at some distance before us and coming toward us a tall man of somewhat remarkable appearance. Before we met, either Gov. Yates or Secretary Hatch said, "There is Lincoln now." As we met they shook hands and I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln, and after a short conversation I told him in general terms the purpose of my visit and that at the suggestion of the Governor and Secretary we were on our way to visit him at his residence, as they had informed me there would not be very favorable opportunity for a private conversation with him at his rooms up town. He replied in substance that was all right—that he was going up town on an errand and that the gentlemen with me and myself should go on to his home and he would soon return. As we were about to separate he said to me that if it would suit me as well, he would call on me at my room in the hotel at which I was stopping, and that we would be less liable to interruption there than at his house. I was not then (nor am I now) much acquainted with the etiquette of calls upon or by Presidents or Presidents-elect, and I have since thought that he did not know much more on

that somewhat intricate subject than I did or care any more about it. I gladly assented to his suggestion and we separated, I going to my room at the hotel. Within an hour Mr. Lincoln came to my room and we had a long, and what was to me a very interesting conversation. I cannot of course undertake to give his language or my own. I told him in substance that our Iowa people were very much excited over the condition of the country North and South—that they were devotedly attached to the Union of the States, and would never consent to its dissolution on any terms, that they were not to be frightened into abandoning their principles by bluster and bravado, and that he might depend upon them to sustain him to the utmost of their power in preserving the peace, if that could be fairly done, and in preserving the Union in any event and at whatever cost.

Mr. Lincoln listened with great attention and apparent interest and expressed great satisfaction at what I had said touching the intention of the people of Iowa to give their earnest support to his administration. He proceeded to say that he still had strong hope that a peaceful and safe solution might yet be had of our present troubles—that it seemed to him incredible that any large portion of our people, even in the States threatening secession, could really desire a dissolution of the Union that had done them nothing but good—that his own opinion that Congress had not the power to abolish slavery in the States where it existed was well known before his nomination—that the convention by which he was nominated, with full knowledge of that opinion, had nominated him, and that with full knowledge of both these facts he had been constitutionally elected—that he would not consent to or advise his friends to consent to any bargain or so-called compromise that amounted to a purchase of the constitutional rights growing out of the late election, because the so doing would be an invitation to the defeated party or parties in future elections to pursue the course now being pursued with the hope of achieving like success by like means, thus reducing our Gov-

ernment to the level of Mexico, which was then in a constant state of revolution — that he would bear and forbear much to preserve peace and the integrity of the Union, but if the issue was clearly made between war and a dissolution of the Union, then, how ever much he might regret the necessity, he would use all the constitutional powers of the Government for its preservation, relying on God's justice and the patriotism of the people for success.

It is now about thirty years since I had this interview with Mr. Lincoln, and my life for several years after was a busy one — I therefore do not claim to give his words — only his ideas, nor do I claim that what was said consisted as herein stated of a continued opening statement by me and a continued reply by him — on the contrary the interview was to some extent conversational, although much the greater part of what was said was said by him. He spoke calmly, earnestly and with great feeling. I listened with anxious interest and heard with profound satisfaction.

When he left I went with him to the door of the hotel, and when I returned to the office I found myself an object of considerable attention. It was known that Mr. Lincoln was up stairs with somebody, and when it appeared that I was that body, a good many people about the hotel seemed anxious to learn who I was, and where I had come from.

I left for home with a strong conviction, which never left me, that he was the right man in the right place, and the longer he lived the stronger that conviction grew.

S. J. KIRKWOOD.

Iowa City, January 14, 1891.

LETTERS OF A WAR GOVERNOR.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 566, VOL. VI.]



E continue the executive correspondence during Gov. Kirkwood's war administration, beginning with his congratulatory letter to Lincoln on his election to the Presidency, breathing a prophecy of success which has been more than fulfilled. These letters here published, acknowledging the tender of services by volunteer companies of the State, show that Capt. F. J. Herron and his company, of Dubuque, have the honor of first formally offering their services to the President through Gov. Kirkwood.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, NOV. 15, 1860.

*Hon. Abraham Lincoln,**President of the United States.*

Dear Sir:—Permit me to congratulate you, and I most heartily do, upon the result of the recent Presidential election, and to express the earnest hope, that your administration may prove as useful to our country and as honorable to yourself, as you yourself can desire. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

DES MOINES, IOWA, January 12, 1861.

Hon. James W. Grimes.

Dear Sir:—It really appears to me as if our Southern friends are determined on the destruction of our Government unless they can change its whole basis, and make it a Government for the growth and spread of slavery. The real point of controversy is in regard to slavery in the Territories. On that point I would be willing to go thus far: Restore the question of slavery in our present territories to the position to which it was placed by the compromise measures of 1850 and before passing the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and admit Kansas as a free State at once. The whole country agreed to do this once, and therefore could do so again. As to future acquisitions of territory do either one of two things: 1st, Prohibit future acquisitions except by the vote of two-thirds of each branch of Congress; or, 2d, make the condition of the Territory at the time of its acquisition its permanent condition until admitted as a State.

I think neither of these requires an abandonment of principle or involves disgrace to either party, north or south.

But at all hazards the Union must be honored—the laws must be enforced. What can I do in the premises? Shall I tender the aid of the State to Mr. Buchanan? Some of our people desire an extra session. I do not. My present intention is not to call an extra session until after the 4th of March. If after that time an extra session be necessary to support the Government I

will so far as in me lies see to it that the last fighting man in the State and the last dollar in the treasury are devoted to that object, and our people will sustain me. If such aid is required by Mr. Buchanan, it is at his service. Please consult our delegation, and write me fully such course as you think best to be pursued. Very truly, SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

P. S.—Can anything be done in the way of procuring arms for this State beyond the regular quota for the current year? Cannot an arsenal be established and supplied in some northwestern free State? S. J. K.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 22, 1861.

His Excellency, the Governor of the State of Maryland

Sir:—Permit me to tender you my hearty thanks, and those of the people of Iowa, for the patriotic and manly stand you have taken against division and treason.

I am a native of the State of Maryland and I feel a great and I trust an honest pride in knowing that the good old State stands firmly to the Constitution and the Union in these trying days, when so many are disposed to abandon both. This, I am satisfied, is in a great measure due to the bold stand you have taken, and when passion shall have subsided and reason and love of country shall have again assumed the ascendant, your name will stand high on the roll of those whom the people delight to honor. With sentiments of high regard I remain, Your obedient servant, SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 22, 1861.

Capt. F. F. Herron, Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Sir:—I have just mailed to Secretary Holt at Washington City the tender of the services of your company to the President. You and your command have afforded me a great pleasure, for which I heartily thank you and them.

I am pleased and proud to know that the citizens of Iowa do not recognize the heresy that treason can not be punished, rebellion put down, and the Union preserved, by force if nothing but force will avail for those ends.

Very truly, SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 24, 1861.

Messrs. S. W. Wise, Geo. A. Stone, P. Fericho,

Commanding Mt. Pleasant Guards.

Gentlemen:—I was much gratified on yesterday by the receipt of your letter tendering the services of your company to assist in enforcing the laws of our country and putting down treason and rebellion.

Accept for yourselves and your company my hearty thanks, and my assurance that, should the occasion demand it, your services will be accepted and required.

I am glad and proud to know that the people of Iowa do not so impeach the patriotism and wisdom of our fathers, as to believe that they established a Government which, although strong enough to resist successfully an entire world in arms, was either designedly or ignorantly left so weak as to be at the mercy of rebels and traitors at home. Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 26, 1861.

Hon. Joseph Holt, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—I have the honor to enclose a letter tendering to the President the services of the Governor's Greys, a military company at Dubuque, in this State. The services of other military companies have been tendered directly to me.

While I deeply regret that the perils to which the Union of the States is exposed arise from domestic and not from foreign foes, I feel a great and I think an honest pride in the knowledge that the people of Iowa are possessed of an unyielding devotion to the Union and of a fixed determination that in so far as it depends on them it shall be preserved.

Very respectfully,

SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, IOWA, January 26, 1861.

J. S. Mathies, Captain Burlington Rifle Company, Burlington, Iowa.


Dear Sir:—Accept for yourself and the company which you command my thanks for the tender of their services "in case of any public event involving the necessity of arms." Should such event occur, I shall accept the services so gallantly tendered.

I am pleased to know that you and your command believe that the flag of our country is worthy of protection, that the Union of the States is worthy of preservation, and that the men who first upheld the one and established the other did not intend to leave both at the mercy of rebels and traitors. I hope to be in your city about the 1st day of February and will endeavor to see you, and consult with you in reference to arms.

Very respectfully,
SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

THE TERRITORIAL SEAL OF IOWA.

EDITOR HISTORICAL RECORD:

URING a late visit to the rooms of the Historical Society, Mr. Lathrop, Librarian, showed me the "Great Seal of the Territory of Iowa." I well remember that when it arrived from the hands of Mr. Wagoner, of Pittsburg, the engraver, Secretary Conway brought it to the Governor's office to show it, and how pleased we all were at the appropriateness of the design and the *poetical* description the Secretary had written of it, and which a few days later he communicated to the Legislature.

I have thought you would like for publication and preservation in the RECORD an account of the history of the seal. I have therefore transcribed from the Journals of the Council of

1838 the communications and actions had thereon, which I place at your disposal.

T. S. PARVIN.

RESOLUTION OF THE COUNCIL.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Territory of Iowa, be and is hereby requested to transmit to this Council, the GREAT SEAL of this Territory, with its impression, for inspection, etc.

LETTER OF THE SECRETARY IN REPLY.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, November 23, 1838.

To the Honorable J. B. Browne, President of the Legislative Council.

Sir:—The request of the Honorable the Legislative Council, expressed by their resolution, adopted on the 22d inst., was duly transmitted to this Department of the Territorial Government, where it has been very respectfully considered, and with which it affords me peculiar pleasure to comply.

In accordance, therefore, with the request of the Honorable the Legislative Council, the "GREAT SEAL OF THE TERRITORY OF IOWA" is herewith transmitted, for their inspection, accompanied by some impressions on wax and paper.

The DEVICE is believed to be simple; and, with the highest deference to the good taste and sound criticism of the Honorable Council, it is regarded as perfectly expressive of a distinct idea, intimately associated with the history of the delightful country which we have the happiness to inhabit; and for which it is the sacred duty and lofty privilege of the Legislative Authorities to provide wise, equitable, and salutary laws.

The slightest examination of the seal will disclose to the Honorable Council the EAGLE, the proud and appropriate emblem of our national power, bearing, in its beak, an *Indian arrow*, and clutching, in its talons, an *unstrung bow*, and while the idea thus delicately evolved, is so well calculated, to make the eyes glisten with patriotic pride, and cause the heart to beat high with the pulsations of conscious superiority, it nevertheless presents a touching appeal to our manly sensibilities, in contemplating the dreary destiny of a declining race; nor should it fail to admonish us of the immense importance of improving, in every possible point of view, that vast inheritance which it is their peculiar misfortune to undervalue and neglect.

The Honorable the Legislative Council, will pardon the freedom of these reflections, which the occasion elicits, if it does not justify and demand, whilst I have the honor to remain, as heretofore, their very obedient and respectful servant, and yours,

WM. B. CONWAY, *Secretary of the Territory.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

The committee on Territories, having had under consideration the communication from the Secretary of the Territory of Iowa, on the subject of the *Great Seal* of the Territory, beg leave to report:—That they have examined said seal, submitted by the Secretary, with its devices. Your committee are of the opinion that its devices are admirably adapted, and appropriate for the Great Seal of this Territory, and would, therefore, submit the following resolution:

Resolved, That the seal submitted to the Council by the Secretary of the Territory, be adopted by the Council as the GREAT SEAL of the "Territory of Iowa."

Which was adopted by the Council.

LETTER FROM PROF. L. F. PARKER.

GRINNELL, NOVEMBER 15, 1890.

Editor Historical Record:

HAVE just closed the October number of the "Papers of the American Historical Association," and am stirred by its articles on the Materials for the History of the Southern Confederacy, and by the desire there expressed for better histories of the South, to inquire if Iowa men, who have lived through our civil war, do not owe themselves and the future more exact reminiscences than they have yet written. Much, very much may well be published; more, vastly more, may be put into historical facilities in manuscript from which the historian of the future may draw materials for trustworthy history.

The "Old War Governor" could give volumes of highest value, his war-secretary could add much more. Could you not induce them to give their last days to the collection and (so far as may now be generous) to the publication of important facts and incidents within their knowledge, the memory of much of which will otherwise die with them? Is not the public and is not the future entitled to just such a legacy from those men and others, whose hands are already faltering and will soon be utterly unable to pen what will be so useful for others to know?

It is not necessary that they should feel burdened by the thought of a formal and full history of their times, if they would but give your readers, or some public library, glimpses of stirring events as they dwell in their retentive memories.

I can only make the suggestion, and I do it all the more earnestly because so much of local history has been written for revenue only, and not to perpetuate the knowledge of what living men have said and done.

L. F. PARKER.

OLD SETTLERS' REUNION POEM.

BY ABEL BEACH, IOWA CITY, IOWA.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE OLD SETTLERS' REUNION OF
JOHNSON COUNTY, AT IOWA CITY, IOWA,
AUGUST 18TH, 1890.

Mr. Beach said: "Being honored by your kind invitation to meet with you here to-day for the purpose of reading a poem to the Old Settlers of Iowa City and Johnson County, I have been rash enough as you see to accept, venturing on your kind indulgence and generous criticism for any wild wandering wherein my Apollo forgets his dignity, or my muse seems to be out of tune. I will only say preliminary that with several good friends I see before me—now beginning to look a little venerable, I came to this new State of Iowa between thirty and forty years ago, before a mile of railroad was completed into its interior, so that I ought to feel quite at home in your midst—if not entirely at ease. But you asked a poem, and I have no right to palm off prosy remarks."

When asked for something new, original, I thought
Whether my friends, forgetting temperance record, sought
An "original package"—popular down East just now—
Or something original from the pen—without a row?
I'll choose the latter anyhow.

Old settlers are not here, I think, to feed surprise
When all that's seen is known—familiar to the eyes,
But if new-comer should disturb our precincts fair
Or tries an innovation strange let him beware,
'Tis dangerous sometimes to dare.

Home of the buffalo, and fairy-land of brave—
Where might was right, and speed the highest art to save,
Here where our camp-fire burns the welkin often rung
With midnight carnival—where exploits wild were sung,
And eagle plumes for token swung.

While some, not all can go back to the days of yore
When gallantly our territorial fathers bore
The brunt of effort and the tug of war,—which they
So much enjoyed that it was labor merged in play,
Yet ever will we bless the day.

America—no doubt reserved for pilgrim band,
By smiling providence ordained a glorious land—
Had heroes to level forests and wild beasts to slay,
Homes to build and foundations of the State to lay,—
Inspired with zeal to work and pray.

With manly might and courage did our fathers toil,
Made desert beauteous as a flower, and blest the soil
With rich fruition. Cities by magic sprung to life,
Nature and art for mastery renewed the strife;—
Progress on every hand was rife.

From Maine to Florida all along the Atlantic shore,
The call of "Westward ho!" was heard, and heard encore;
"Steam has solved the problem, opened up the land;
The Western 'land of promise,'—rich and vast and grand,
Within our grasp is at command."

Charming expanse—ready for tickling with the hoe,
Responding with harvests bountiful where'er we go,
Mesopotamia of the west with untold wealth,
Now brought to light, though ages hidden as by stealth,—
Elysian fields of joy and health.

In those bright days not only are the wants supplied,
But royal sport is with utility allied:
Abundant game for epicurean tastes abound;
Fish, beasts and birds,—the bounding deer pursued by hound—
Here in our prairie home are found.

Before those prairies heard the sound of puffing steam
The rolling stage—remembered well, was heard and seen;
With clouds of dust enclosing messages of love,
Oft bearing joys seraphic as from realms above,
It came as welcome as the dove.

Faith knows its mark when now at length, to greet our eyes,
Fair Iowa dressed in brightest garb before us lies:
Garden and heart of our great western land is seen,
Rivers and lakes and woods and plains of verdant green,
A vista of beauty on beauty's sheen.

Well, for their settlement, the Eastern States came first
In that vast tide of travel which from Europe burst,
Strange paradox howe'er that we whose lot was cast
"Away out West" should still with Yankee lands be classed!
We're under Eastern skies at last.

Old settlers, friends, in our brief time what shall we say
Has been the progress marked in this our IOWA?
Dumbfounded with the query, mute, we pause and stand,

And question back—what progress does she not command?
She challenges whate'er is grand.

In every corner of the State our prairies teem
With beauty, life and energy—infused by steam
Rivers are bridged—improved machinery made to yield
Crops fabulous from every cultivated field;
Progression everywhere revealed.

Cities and towns are built, and manufactories reared,
Churches to heaven look, and schools to homes endeared.
With youth and beauty decked our State unrivalled grows,
While nature her best gifts abundantly bestows.
"Wilderness blossoms as the rose."

Scenes of the former years no doubt are fresh in mind—
Rich, racy, ludicrous and serious combined.
The covered wagon, with it's snail pace o'er the plain,—
Now fording rivers—dodging prairie fires again.—
Prepared for sunshine, wind or rain.

Right here, in view of these two temples of the past,
These gorgeous palaces with open doors at last,*
We find unique reminder of the hardships rife
In this new land when first engaging in the strife
And triumphs of our border life.

If true, the "old log cabin" is almost replaced,
No danger that its memory will be effaced,
The dandy and the cyclone both are by it warned,
Wild innovations and tame fashions too are scorned;
Never, while memory lasts, transformed.

Land agents sharp, surveyors too,—kept on the bound
For tenants of tents and leaky cabins all around—
The clash of opposing title, jargon and clash of tongue,—
The grasp of lucre by old,—of hand and heart by young,
Gave romance untold and song unsung.

Those sturdy days gave hearts for homes—found anywhere—
And hands expert—prepared for any fray to share,—
With tent quick spread, with banner kissing setting sun
Our Hawkeye, equipped with Bible, plough and unerring gun,
Was ready for pioneer life begun.

Two mighty rivers untired still wash our fertile shores,
Give North and South an interchange of wealth and stores;
Uniting then in one majestic stream they run,
Visiting realms as rich as any 'neath the sun,
And help to bind our land in one.

*Pointing to the Log Cabins lately erected by the Old Settlers on the Fair Ground and dedicated to the Old Settlers' Association.

While rivers—silver chains, bind such a golden land,
 Our vast interior lakes give water courses grand;
 Railroads unnumbered, level paths of travel strew;—
 Have wealth untold, and steel for sinews to renew
 The work herculean they do.

Cities, farms perfected, bright homes on every hand,
 Mark the supremacy of this Elysian land,—
 Not only this, but Cupid, too, can reign supreme:
 Reality can here be found to pictured dream,—
 For social life the very cream.

Some grey heads here confess to three and four score years—
 Happy, we trust, in homes our county much endears.
 Some, restless and uneasy, true, made quick retreat;
 But we, with faith unshaken—now again repeat—
 “Iowa City’s hard to beat.”

While many valued institutions bless our town,
 To be the Athens of our State it is laid down;
 And every, citizen, old or young, is proud to see
 The progress of our grand “old University.”
 Exalted may it ever be!

In town and county, some old landmarks were endeared
 By sweet associations,—hallowed and revered,
 Relics like these, I shudder as I see destroyed,
 Their fate howe’er seems sealed; improvement is devoid
 Of sentimental thoughts enjoyed.

For many noble comrades, gone, we drop a tear,
 Moisten the ground whereon they strove and triumphed here;
 An altar to their mem’ries green, with garlands strewed,
 We rear for sacrifice of praise and thanks renewed;—
 A holocaust of gratitude.

Now to the “Old-old Settler”—glorious pioneer—
 We wish bright sunset skies, unfailing faith, good cheer!
 A goodly land you found, a manly part you bore;
 The tide of life has borne you near the golden shore,—
 Conflicts ended and struggles o’er.

DEATHS.

GEN. W. W. BELKNAP died suddenly at Washington City, Oct. 13th, 1890, having been found dead in his bed. He was a pioneer settler of Keokuk, where, before the war, he raised and commanded a military company. At the breaking out of the war he represented Lee county in the lower house of the

Legislature. On the formation of the 15th Iowa, he was appointed by Gov. Kirkwood its first major, and subsequently became successively its Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel. He afterwards was still further promoted to Brigadier General and Brèvet Major General of Volunteers. The principal fields of his military career were the campaigns of Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta and the Carolinas, and he fought with a rush and a dash which invested himself and his men, who idolized him, with great renown. In many actions he commanded "Crocker's Iowa Brigade"—the 11th, 13th, 15th, and 16th Iowa Vols.—and after the war re-organized it into the Society of the same name, and by his labor, devotion, magnetism and social resources, made its Biennial Reunions models of their kind which have excited imitation and emulation. On the accession of Grant to the Presidency, he appointed Belknap Collector of Internal Revenue at Keokuk, and on the death of Gen. Rawlins in 1869, he made him Secretary of War. At the time of his death Belknap was sixty-one years of age. He is survived by a son by a former marriage, Hugh R. Belknap, a widow, and a beautiful and accomplished daughter, Alice. Gen. Belknap was a man of large and imposing form, and of a most kind and genial disposition. A portrait and short biographical sketch of him were published in the July number of the RECORD for 1885.

NOTES.

J. W. HORNBY, who resides at Los Angeles, California, claims to be the first-born of Iowa City, as we learn from Capt. N. Levering.

THE letter from Prof. L. F. Parker, published in this number, has brought an answer from Gov. Kirkwood, more promptly than the Professor probably hoped.

THE biography and portrait of the late Judge Austin Adams will appear in the next April number of the RECORD.



Austin Adams